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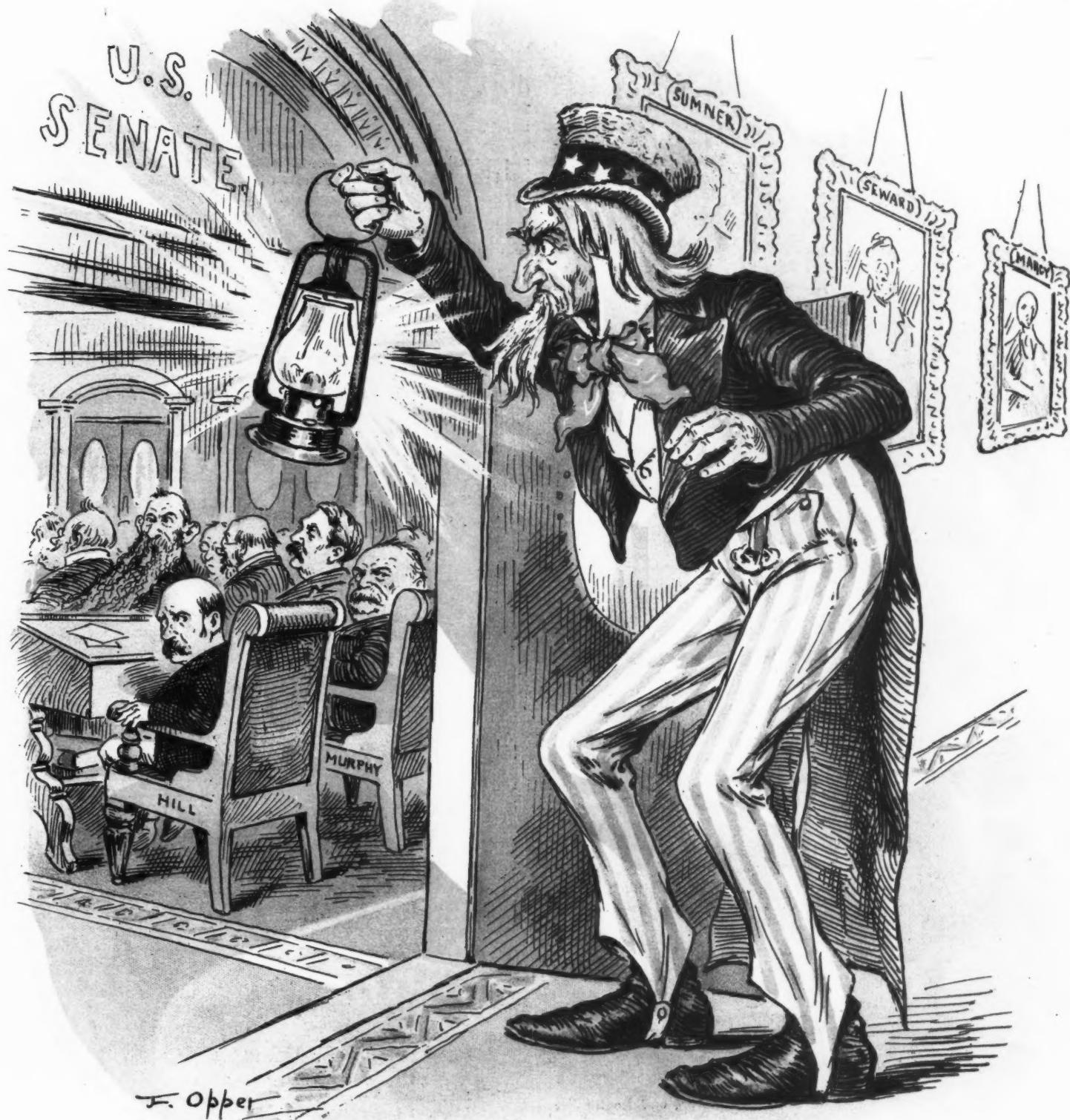
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# Suck

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THE TASK OF DIOGENES NOT IN IT.  
UNCLE SAM LOOKING FOR A STATESMAN IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.

PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.*The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.**\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.**Payable in advance.**Keppler & Schwarzmann,**Publishers and Proprietors.**Editor**H. C. Bunner.*

Wednesday, February 1st, 1893.—No. 830.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING  
A BAD  
BUSINESS.

**H**OW MANY of our readers know that there is a United States Blue Book? Well, there is such a publication, not at all like its important and dignified namesakes over the water, but a narrow-paged, unobtrusive publication, born of private enterprise, which has for its sole purpose the supplying of a convenient list of all "Federal Offices and Employments in each State and Territory and the District of Columbia, with their Salaries and Emoluments"—as the title-page informs the reader. It is, in point of fact, a handy guide for office-seekers, and it is nothing less and nothing more. It is not a publication that the self-respecting American can gaze on with pride and admiration. Its appearance at the incoming of a new administration means simply that a President of the United States and his cabinet, who are just taking up a most arduous, toilsome and important task, are to be badgered, bullied, cajoled, teased and annoyed in every way that selfish meanness and ingenuity can suggest, by a horde of contemptible wretches of both sexes, who are willing to grovel in the dust and to deny their manhood and womanhood in order to induce the new government to "do something for them." And "doing something for them" means distributing among them a lot of petty offices that may possibly pay a few hundred dollars apiece for four years or some fraction of four years; that will almost certainly, sooner or later, be taken from them without warning and without cause; and that will in all probability greatly diminish the recipients' chances of success in any other business way of life.

\* \* \*

Of course it is a mean and mischievous thing that the ruler of a great nation and his chosen counsellors should at such a juncture be subjected to this futile and fatiguing annoyance. But it seems to us that, after all, the worst mischief worked by this system—if system it can be called—falls in the end upon the shoulders of the foolish creatures who degrade themselves to this pitiful beggary; and it seems to us, moreover, that if we ever in the course of our existence were called upon to say anything to the young people who read this page, we are called upon now to say that there are few meaner businesses which a young American man or a young Ameri-

can woman could engage in than this same disappointing, wearying, deteriorating and altogether unpleasant and unprofitable business of office-seeking. It seems a trite thing to say that the office should seek the man, and yet it is absolutely true that it is only the office that seeks the man that is really worth the man's seeking. Where there is a place to fill under government that calls for special fitness, peculiar capabilities, and earnest devotion, the demand for the right man to fill it will generally be clearly apparent; and any man may well seek such a place who seeks to fill it with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all the manhood there is in him. That is work that is worth doing; worth doing well, and worth striving hard to get. But the poor bit of government patronage that is valued only for the precarious and short-lived salary which it is expected to bring in, is a most unfortunate gift to any human being who is worth his salt—or her salt, for the matter of that. It teaches nothing; it stirs to no healthy growth or progress; it simply uses up so much of the few years of life and leaves the weakling who has yielded to its temptations so much the worse off at the end of his term (and that is an uncertain quantity at the best) that he has not advanced in life abreast of the men of his own generation. Keep out of it, young people! It would pay you better to saw wood—in the end—than to accept nine offices out of ten of those that are doled out at Washington. A city directory is a far better guide to office and employment than any "Blue Book" ever published in the National Capital.

**ON A PUBLIC LOSS.** That the death of the Right Rev. Phillips Brooks is a general loss to the country can readily be understood by all who admire him as well for his specific qualities as a clergyman as for his charms of mind and character. But few people realize at present how deeply he must be missed in one peculiar capacity which he filled as it is given to few men to fill it—that of a civic teacher and exemplar. His Christianity turned so fully and strongly to the teaching and living of a high ideal of citizenship, that his influence in this line was of an exceptional force. It never devolved upon Phillips Brooks to lead the spiritual advance of the commonwealth in any great popular or political crisis; but there can be little doubt that had that duty been thrown upon him, he would have been to the moral courage of New England what Starr King was to the loyal faith that under his fervent inspiration saved California to the Union. His was a citizenship that grew directly from the very seed of Christian teaching; and, backed by the power of his courage and sincerity, it was something that was none the less confidently relied upon that its exercise was never demanded. We have a few such spiritual leaders left, whose strength is ever at the service of the State; and New York may lay claim, we think, to the best and strongest of them. In the case of the great cleric and true citizen who has lately passed away it is pleasant to reflect that his unquestioned and unquestionable love of his fellow-men gave him a position so commanding that the envious and the scandal-seeking never dared to assail, with their petty persecutions, the simple religion of his heart—far, far too broad for the orthodoxy of his church.

## A MODERN SIR GALAHAD.

**ELDER BERRY** (*meeting ELDER BLOW amid rather flashy surroundings*).—Why, Brother, what are you doing here?

**ELDER BLOW**.—I'm 'nvestigatin' the awful extent of vice in thish c'munity—I'd do anythin' to help our b'loved pastor.

## THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Though the glass-eating freak's a bewildering treat,  
His performance is not such a marvelous feat;  
For he once was a glazier, it now comes to pass,  
And learned how to support himself "putting in glass."

*John Ludlow.*

## GREAT NEED.

**RIVERS IDE**.—I see some fellow gave a cool ten thousand for the first Columbian half dollar.

**UPSON DOWNES**.—Well, he must have wanted half a dollar worse than I do.

## HOME RULE.

"Tammany Hall is going to support O'Reilly for Manager of the Insane Asylum."

"I should n't think he'd do. Why did Tammany take him up?"  
"He showed he was the choice of a large majority of the inmates."

## "ANTI-SNAPPERS"—Muzzles.

**FORBES**.—Hello, Wellfixt! You've been prinking up, eh? Look quite young again!

**WELLFIXT**.—Yes; trimming up a bit. You see leap-year is over, old man.



## A PROBLEM.

**MR. DADDY**.—I wish our baby could talk more plainly; Brown's baby is a month younger, and one can understand almost every word it says. I wonder why it is?

**MRS. DADDY** (*offended*).—I'm sure I don't know. (*To the baby.*) Comesey tooty mommy ite sweetie. Does oo wicked popper scold 'oo dear little popsy wopsy dodkins?

WHERE MERIT FOLLOWS APPLAUSE.



MANAGER.—What are your qualifications for the position of head usher in my theatre?

APPLICANT.—Qualifications! Just look at those hands. They're good for a curtain call any night in the week.

AT THE MATINÉE.

The other day Lionel was at a matinée with his father, and, when a trapeze acrobat failed to catch the object at which he flew through the air and fell sprawling into the net, the little boy was greatly excited.



"YEARS ROLLED BY."

NEEDS A TONIC.

WATERBURY.—I'm through taking my watch to a jeweler; it goes to a doctor this time!

WALTHAM.—Why, what's the matter with it?

WATERBURY.—It seems to be run down.

NOT VERY MUCH.

GIVIN.—Slack isn't working much nowadays, is he?

TAIK.—Yes; he's working for all he's worth.

GIVIN.—That's not much.

YOUNG AUTHOR.—Would you call my novel realism or romance?

FRIEND.—What does the heroine say when she accepts the hero?

YOUNG AUTHOR.—Oh, she says: "Yes, dear George, we will tread life's path together, one in heart and purpose, bearing each other's burdens, sharing each other's grief, doubling each—"

FRIEND.—Well, then it is n't realism. A real girl would no more think of making a speech on such an occasion than of singing a song or cutting a pigeon wing.

THE LATEST form of anglomania is to wax forgetful, and put a five-cent stamp upon a domestic letter, dear boy.



NOT A DODGER.

JUSTICE.—You say you saw the flat-iron coming. Why did n't you dodge it?

MCGOOGAN (*in surprise*).—Why, yer Haner, as Oi tould ye, Oi was shtandin' forinst dth' windy, an' if Oi 'd a dodged, it wud 'a' gone t'rough a pane av glass.

IT IS NEEDED.

"That wedding gift contract they sell in Chicago is a first-rate scheme."

"What is it?"

"Why, when anyone gives the bride a present, she signs a printed agreement to return it to the donor in case of a divorce."

A HEAP O' TROUBLE.

AUNT DEBBIE.—What's aillin', Samanthy?

SAMANTHY.—W'y, it's disheer way, Aun' Debbie; I got to mine Mammie all the livelong day, an' mine baby de res' of de time; an' ef I doan' mine Mammie, I'm whupt fur disobeyjuns; an' ef I doan' mine baby, I'm whupt fur not doin' nuthin'; an' I'm jess erbout tiyud.

SENTIMENTAL.

I worship e'en the patch of sod  
That Sylvia's little feet have trod.  
But Sylvia is moved to mirth  
To think I waste a thought on earth  
That's cold and witless — when I may  
Make love to animated clay!

C. H. H.



TIME FLIES.

OLD MR. KNIGHT.—My

boy, you should n't keep such late hours.  
PAUL KNIGHT.—I don't, sir, and I can't. They're always flying by me!

OFF DUTY.

FIRST STRANGER.—What business are you engaged in?

SECOND STRANGER (*pomposly*).—I'm engaged in minding-my-own business. If you are out of employment, I can recommend it.

FIRST STRANGER.—Thanks! How long does your vacation last?

BEWARE OF THE bottle. Its evil effects are to be seen everywhere. Poets, journalists, essayists and novelists — all have succumbed to its terrible influence. Still it must be remembered that the results are not so terrible when it contains mucilage as when it is filled with ink.

"IS IT A BOY or girl?" queried the impatient father.

"It's a poet," said the doctor.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it's born, not maid."

JUST NOW it takes lots of money to make the mare go — with a sleigh.



HANKS  
ASSORTED YARNS.

A WESTERN MAN.

IT WAS AS clear a case of abduction as you ever heard of; if it could be brought before the courts, the fellow would be convicted in no time at all. We were at the Blue Springs Hotel up in the Adirondacks, just a nice crowd of us: old Hunnistan, his wife and daughter, a few other nice families, and some of us men. It had come to be pretty well understood that Charley Fitzpatrick stood the best chance of carrying off the prize. When I tell you that old Hunnistan was referred to in "Bradstreet's" as

"Hunnistan, Ralph — Broker — Aa,"



and that his daughter was a beauty, you will doubtless surmise the identity of the prize. She was a luscious girl, weighed about a hundred and forty, with reddish blond hair, genuine color, and these yellowish blond eyes that you don't see every day. Her complexion was mostly pinkish. She stepped off like a Kentucky thoroughbred, and had all the spirit of one, too. For one thing, though, she was too light-minded and frivolous — never took things seriously that you said to her.

I would have proposed to her myself, only whenever I tried to lead up to it and get her into a properly earnest state of mind, she always guyed me so that I could n't get it out — it would have fallen flat. She would n't give me credit for being in dead earnest; when I talked about hearts being eaten out under a smiling exterior, she laughed in a very rude and undignified way — not a giggle, but a regular out and out shaky laugh.

Charley had better success with her than I. She did n't laugh so much with him, and was more dignified. He is a serious fellow, and she always respected his moods, and asked him questions on his favorite topics, to draw him out and sympathize with him. Charley is five years older than I am. He's been around a lot more, and seen the world pretty deep, I can tell you. He says Society is a hollow sham, and only empty-headed people take to it; that for a man of any depth it's a great bore, and for his part he's through with it. He used to talk to Miss Hunnistan that way for an hour at a time, and she always agreed with him. She left him abruptly sometimes; Charley said it was because she did n't care to have him see how he impressed her. He used to confess to her what a dissipated fellow he had been and how he had seen the folly of it, though, and was no longer dazzled by any material pleasure.

Well, by the most delicate indirection, Charley had given Miss Hunnistan to understand that her fortune was the only thing that stood between them; that he was proud-spirited and afraid his motives might be misconstrued. He had got along to where his love should soon master all this sensitive apprehension, and break forth in spite of the girl's money. That was the way he had it mapped out.

One evening, along the first of August, a lot of us were sitting around waiting to see who came up on the stage. Old Hunnistan had told us that he was expecting a Western man up to see him, almost any day, a real estate agent that he had bought some property of out in St. Paul or Salt Lake or around there. When the stage came around the bend, we saw a man sitting up front and talking very chummy with the driver. Old Hunnistan said, "That's Grimshaw."

He leaped down and shook hands with the old man as if he had been a long lost brother, or something like that, and hurried inside with him without noticing the rest of us. He was a big, overgrown, lumbering sort of a man, coarse looking, and took frightfully long steps when he walked. His clothes were loose and flapped all around him.

After dinner we were sitting out on the piazza and this man Grimshaw came out and began to walk up and down. The first time he passed us

he caught sight of Miss Hunnistan, and did n't seem to be able to take his eyes off. His manner was disgracefully free and easy. Every time he passed he stared at her openly. I wondered whether old Hunnistan would introduce such a man to his family. Just then he did one of the most brazen, presumptuous things I ever saw; he strode up to Miss Hunnistan, took his hat off his big head and said:

"Well, so this is Miss Hunnistan is it? My name's Grimshaw; of'n heard your father speak of you, on his Western trips."

And before the poor girl could recover, he was looking her square in the eyes and shaking hands with her in the most vulgar, hearty way imaginable. His voice was n't exactly irritating, but it was loud; you always heard what he said. I must say that Miss Hunnistan behaved with a great deal of tact. She seemed really pleased with him, and introduced him to all of us. That did n't bother him any. He just nodded around in a breezy, familiar way, and said he was glad to know us.

Then without paying any more attention to us, he walked Miss Hunnistan around the piazza for a full hour. They chattered together like a boy and girl, she always looking up into his face as if she felt a real interest in him; I never saw her so full of laugh and talk as she was that night.

This was not at all the right thing. Charley and I were anxious for morning to come, so we could cut him and show him how much he was out of place. Well, when we came down in the morning, there he was with Haskins, the landlord, old Hunnistan and his wife, and three or four others, talking away as if he had known them for years, telling how he had been up since five, and had walked up around the point four miles for a swim — water like ice, too. He had gathered a big bundle of ferns and flowers and things, and gave it to old lady Hunnistan as if it was a bouquet. I could n't see why everybody gathered around him so when he talked, with a big laugh at about every other sentence. You could n't tell anything about his age; he might have been thirty-five, or ten years older. He had a smooth, pink complexion, like a girl's, a stubby red moustache and squinty gray eyes. The way he ate was positively indecent; handled himself well enough, but the quantity. He put away enough to run a plow horse. It was provoking, but we really had no chance to cut him. He barely noticed us, just gave a little nod, and never looked to see whether we returned it.

His manner was the height of ill-breeding — so indifferent and independent; but you can't cut a man when he never takes much notice of you, except to look at you as if you were a deuce of a freak. Charley said he must be taken down. All morning he was busy with old Hunnistan with maps and deeds. In the afternoon he joined our crowd as easy and familiar as could be. Charley and I called him Mr. Harkshaw, but he would n't have it; corrected us right there. He said he did n't care for tennis and would like Miss Hunnistan to show him about the place. He said it in a nervy, confident way that was irritating. And the Hunnistan girl was quite willing — said she'd be delighted, and he walked her off as if he could have the earth for the asking. Charley said:

"What an ill-bred savage, with as much idea of propriety as an orangoutang!" He can be awfully cutting at times.

We did n't see him again until evening, when we greeted him as Mr. Rumshaw. He corrected us again, in his blunt, cold-blooded manner; he was the most unconventional man that way. Miss Hunnistan seemed fascinated by the fellow. In the evening they promenaded on the piazza again; he was an awful man to walk, seemed to want to move all the time.

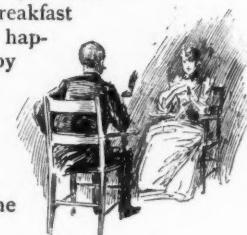
In the morning we found that he had routed Miss Hunnistan out at five o'clock, and taken her up the lake in Charley's canoe. He brought her back at eight, and ate his breakfast with the most brutal affability, as if nothing had happened. Most people are a little stiff and grumpy mornings, but he was n't; always had a plebeian, good-natured way with him. After breakfast Charley and I said:

"Good-morning, Mr. Handsaw!"

He stopped and said he wanted a word with us. We walked down the path a way, and he said:

"Now, you look here, my name is n't Handsaw or Rumshaw or Harkshaw, but Grimshaw — G-r-i-m-s-h-a-w; if either of you forgets this any more in future, I'll take you both down to the lake and drop you in where it's deep, with a sinker tied around you."

Then he went back to the hotel. Of course, his threats were ab-



surd; but, somehow, when the beggar looked at you it made you feel uncomfortable and want to move away — so we let his name alone after that. He took Miss Hunnistan and her father out fishing that morning.

After lunch, which he called "dinner" and ate a great deal of, he was obliged to give up Miss Hunnistan, because he had tired her out. We wondered what he would do then. Instead of coming around where us men were, he went down in a ravine at the south end of the hotel, where a lot of children were building a dam. The fellow was simply impossible, that's all. You could never tell how to take him.

Well, things went on this way for two weeks. None of us could get more than a word at a time with Miss Hunnistan. When this person was n't talking to the old man about "subdivisions" and "inside property" and "additions," he was trotting the girl off walking, or boating, or swimming, or something. Once when some of us went up to the point, we came to a place in the woods that looked like snakes or frogs; he picked Miss Hunnistan up as if she was luggage, and carried her across on one arm, while the rest of us went around — laughed all the time, too, as if he was doing something smart.

We found out that he had been born out in Minnesota; think of it! When he was fifteen years old he was a peanut boy on the train, and then somehow he got into the real estate business. He did n't smoke, and would n't even drink wine. His talk about cigarettes was the most indelicate buffoonery. He had never read anything but Shakspere, much, and he knew two songs, "Rock of Ages" and "The Bridge," that he was liable to sing at any hour. He always said "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and seemed to like old lady Hunnistan about as well as her daughter.



Once the Van Stuhter boy knocked down a nest full of young birds. This fellow saw him, and he showed a fiendish temper. "He says to him, 'Here, you little devil!' and grabbed him by the collar and shook him viciously. We could n't hear what else he said because the kid yelled so; but he made him take the birds away into the woods where the cat would n't find them, and the boy never went around on that side of the house much after that.

Charley and I had gone down to an arbor one afternoon for a quiet smoke. Charley had given it up; he said the Hunnistans were n't much as far as family goes, and he knew where he could do better any day. We decided to go back to town. As we came out, we saw farther down the path this fellow and the Hunnistan girl; they were walking together with

their heads bent over, and he had one of his big awkward arms clear around her.

Charley is real witty at times; he said:

"There's something about that girl I don't like." Good, was n't it?

After that it was n't any secret that they were engaged. I suppose he went at it in his pushing, matter-of-fact way, without saying a word about the girl's money, and pretending not to think of it at all. He did seem to be fond of her, though; never took his eyes off when she was in sight.

All the same, I think he mesmerized her, or something like that, if the truth was known. Old Hunnistan said he was a rustler and had made money. I can't see how he ever got his start.

H. L. Wilson.

#### A SOCIAL PHENOMENON.

That man we can not overlook,  
Seen oft in social life,  
Who would not make a wife of his cook,  
Though he makes a cook of his wife.

John Ludlow.

SOLITUDE BUILDS UP the strength; Society pulls it down. It is the necessity of having to meet so many people that turns the able-bodied lemon to circus lemonade.

THE WORDS OF a man's mouth tell no more of the meditations of his heart than the voice of a dinner-bell tells of the quality of the dinner.

#### TO A WILD ROSE.

Wild rose the bleak cliff up-bearing  
Wild rows of firs, dark and gaunt.  
Wild rows the boatman despairing,  
Wild roses that wilderness haunt.

T. J. L.

"IT IS AN ODD thing," mused Indigesticus, "that the same food which makes the brain so stupid by day, keeps it so ferociously active at night."

IT IS CERTAINTY of continuance, not the present amount, that is the measure of kindness.

#### A SCHEME THAT FAILED.



"Yes, it's a great scheme. You see, I'm the father of six daughters, and they stand out at this gate for hours bidding their young men good night, catch pneumonia and bronchitis, and my doctor's bills are something enormous. So I just had this little house built over the gate, and have it nicely warmed by that stove."



ONE OF THE DAUGHTERS (*a sample of the lot*).—Now, good night! George, it's half past eleven, and we've been standing out here till my feet are like cakes of ice.



BUSINESS.

UNUSUALLY STOUT STRANGER.—What do you charge for pulling a tooth, Professor?

DENTIST.—One dollar.

UNUSUALLY STOUT STRANGER.—Charge anything extra for gas?

DENTIST (*sizing him up*).—Yes, sir. I shall have to charge you three dollars a thousand feet.

## UP TO DATE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to Dakota, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"Do you wish a divorce, too, sir?" she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My alimony, sir," she said.

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."

"I'm already engaged, kind sir," she said.

J. G. B.



A FAIR EXCHANGE.

RAFFERTY.—They don't fit. Oi want th' nixt larger soize.

MARKS.—I gan't oxschange dose drousers, mein frient; t'ey vos torn mit der knee.

RAFFERTY.—Torn? Will, will; so dtthey are! Niver moind; Oi wants to do dth' fair thing. Just tear dth' pair yez give me in exchange.

## A LOCAL TOUCH.

MAGGIE ZEEN.—The writer of this story lives in New York.

HELEN ENGLISH.—How do you know?

MAGGIE ZEEN.—The moment one of her characters gets excited he "tears up the street."

## BAD FOR HER HEALTH.

MRS. MCBRIDE (*as her husband comes in at 1 a. m.*).—Where have you been so late? I'm so tired waiting up for you!

MCBRIDE.—You should have gone to bed two hours ago, my dear. Doctors say women need two hours more sleep than men.

## A CALL FOR VENGEANCE.

Hang him, bang him, knock him in the head,

(He's a nuisance that has been at  
large too long, too long by far);

It is time, oh, it is time that he were dead!

Boot him, shoot him, send him to Sing Sing  
(The man who goes round spoiling  
thousand-dollar panes of glass)

With his flawy fifteen-dollar "diamond" ring.

R. L. McC.



TIME TO WAKE UP.

CHOLLY.—Darling, I dream of you night and day.

MOLLY.—That's just what's the matter. My young man has got to be wide-awake!

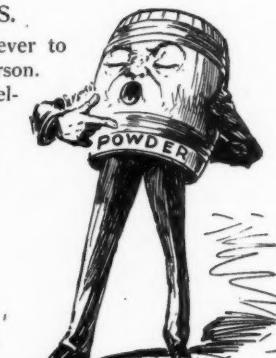
## GOT IN AHEAD OF THE CRITICS.

THE DILETTANTE.—I fear we are never to have any more actors like Booth and Jefferson. How do you account for the wonderful development of their talent?

THE CRITIC (*in a spasm of frankness*).—Easily enough; they had reached an acknowleged eminence before the development of modern criticism.

GUESS-WORK — The Last Census.

THE FUN BROOKLYNITES poke at the Jerseymen is only equalled by the jokes Jerseymen chuckle over at the expense of those who live in Brooklyn,—and the lofty and supercilious way the New Yorker laughs at both.



"YOU CAN'T HOLD  
A CANDLE TO ME."

"FOR THE PEOPLE and by the people" generally means a stiff dose of taxation for the man whose wits have brought him so much money that he is not reckoned one of the people.

## A BALANCE DUE.

MR. CHOKE, of the law firm of Bardwell Hempstead, Jones, Choke & Feelington, was sitting in his office and dictating a brief of eleven thousand words or so to a typewriter, when his errand-boy entered to announce a business caller.

"He wants to pay his bill," remarked the boy. "Shall I show him in?"

"Well," remarked Mr. Choke, after a moment's reflection, "I think so. Tell him I am rushed with callers just now, but that I will see him in seven minutes. Get to work on the typewriter, Murphy, and make 'r hum when the door opens."

The stenographer opened his typewriter and set to work upon it as instructed, while a business-like air settled upon the office and its occupants.

"Mr. Hartfelt," announced the errand-boy, opening the door and ushering in a very short and red-faced gentleman, "wishes to see Mr. Choke!"

"That is my name," said the lawyer, looking at his visitor through gold-rimmed eyeglasses.

"What can I do for you?"

"I owe you seventeen dollars, sir," answered the red-faced man, removing his hat and taking a paper from its lining. "Your firm broke my grandfather's will, you remember, and secured me my share of the estate. I consider this a very reasonable charge, and I will pay you at once, although I have not yet received my money from the executor."

"Thank you," said Mr. Choke, dropping the greenbacks handed him into a drawer. "Murphy, just make out a receipt for the balance due us on that Hartfelt will case, and hand it to this gentleman."

## THE REVIVAL OF THE ROLLER-SKATE.

SANDWICH McCLOSKEY (*gleefully*).—Great Snakes! but this here windy weather's bringing my lost health back again in great style!

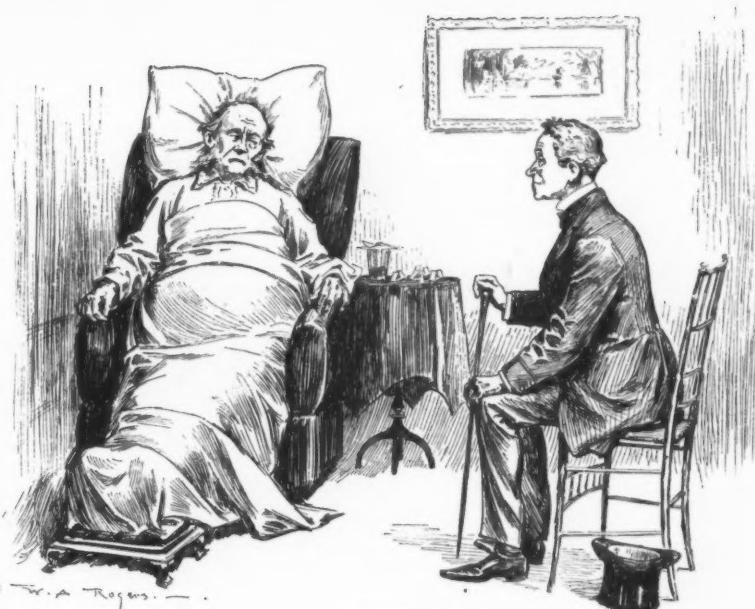
"Balance!" echoed Mr. Hartfelt. "Why do you call it a balance?" "Because," replied the lawyer, "the amount of your inheritance,



## A HOPELESS QUEST.

PASSER-BY.—What's the matter, my friend? You seem to be exhausted.

DEJECTED PERSON.—I've walked all over New York city to-day, trying to see one of J. G. Brown's street-boys!



## ECONOMICAL.

FRIEND.—How is it you don't doctor yourself, instead of having that young Doctor Gravely?

EMINENT BUT MEAN PHYSICIAN.—I can't afford it. My charges are ten dollars a visit, while Doctor Gravely only charges one dollar.

which we received some weeks ago, did n't quite pay our bill. This trifling you have paid was still due, and I sent you a memorandum of it. Have a cigar? Murphy, strike a match for Mr. Hartfelt!

*Robert Barnes Cramer.*

## INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

"I see," remarked Whiffet to his friend Logger, a brewer; "I see that in Arkansas a number of people have been arrested for selling hop tea without a license. The Internal Revenue officers say it is really beer."

"Beer?" replied the brewer. "What nonsense! Who ever puts hops in beer?"

## THRIFTY.

LULU JAPONICA.—Why did Ethel and George elope?

CHARITY BALL.—Her father gave them what the wedding would have cost, to begin house-keeping with.



## "A PREHISTORIC RACE."

HICKS.—I felt a tug at my hook, the line played out like a streak, and, after a terrible struggle, I landed this six-pounder.

MRS. HICKS.—But it is all dressed, and the head and tail are cut off.

HICKS.—Did n't I tell you it was a terrible struggle?

## AN IDEA.

"The eyes, as the poet said, are the windows of the soul," said the moralizer.

"Then I suppose spectacles are the storm windows of the soul, eh?" put in the demoralizer.

## LOOKED SO.

"My girl is neither beautiful nor young," said Downes. "But she is as good as gold."

"Ah! It's the gold you're after!" said Bigbee.

## FROM COLD TO COLDER.

When Summer cast her parting cheer,

The fond but impecunious lover

Rejoiced that Winter's sway was near,

And that the ice-cream spell was over;

But now, if he could have his wish

Once more, he'd fret in wilted collars,

For cream was 15 cts. per dish,

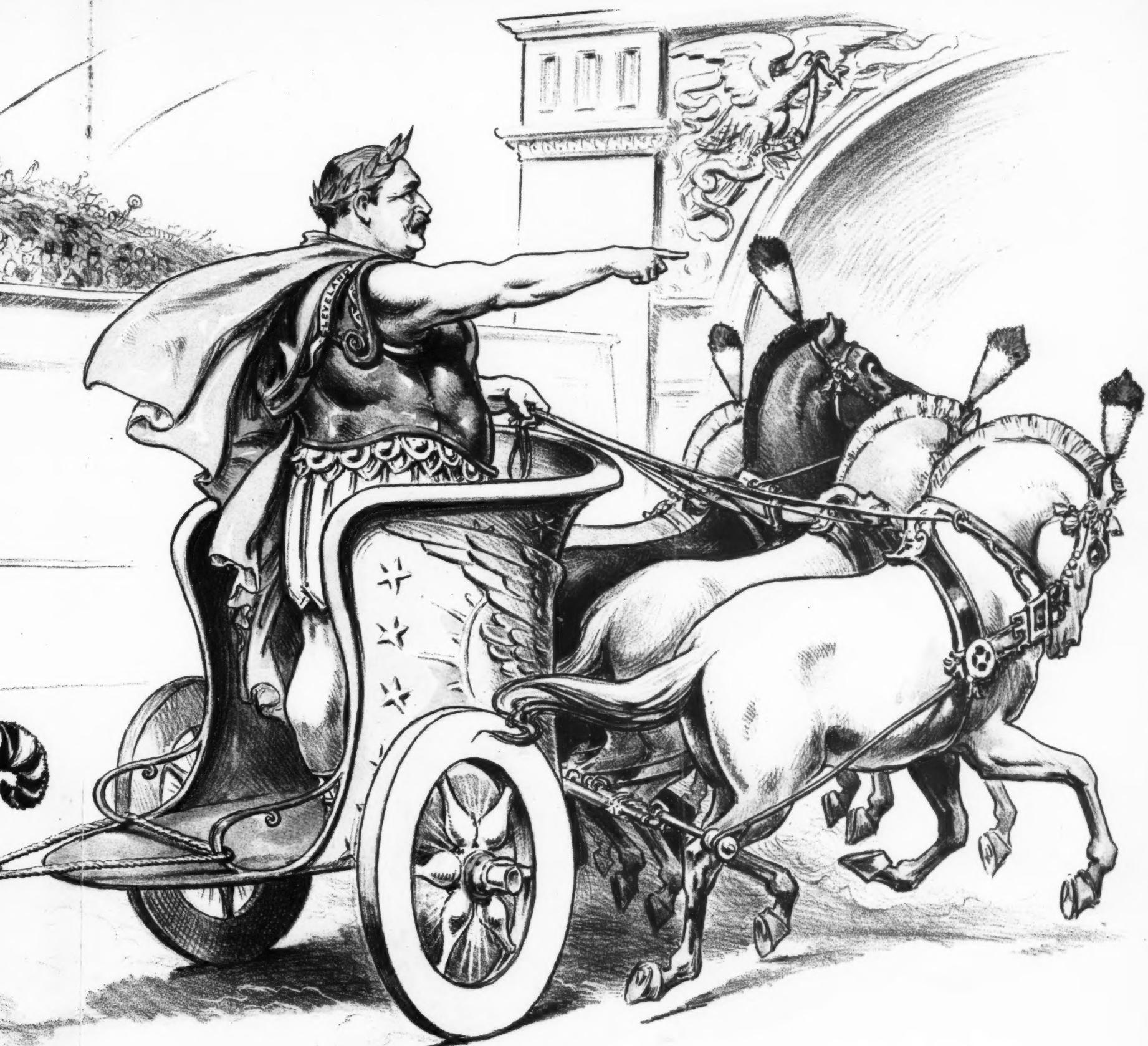
And sleigh-rides each cost \$15!

*John Ludlow.*



"TAMMANY IS V

PUCK.



NY IS WITH CLEVELAND."

## MR. COOLEY'S MOUSTACHE.



MR. COOLEY thinks he would look better without a moustache, and orders it taken off.



On arriving at his office, he has difficulty in convincing his porter that he is not a book-agent.



On the street he is mistaken by several theatrical gentlemen for a brother professional.



Near his home he meets his two eldest children, and attempts to greet them. They do not recognize him, and he narrowly escapes being arrested for attempted kidnapping.



On returning home he creates a decided sensation.



MR. COOLEY decides that he looks better with a moustache after all, and takes a vacation until it grows.

## AT NOTRE DAME.

MRS. LAKEY ("doing" Paris).— Dear me; them colored windows ain't a bit bigger than those in our church at home, and the glass ain't half as pretty; I wonder who that figger represents?

MISS LAKEY (consulting guide-book).—"The next window on the right contains a life-size figure of St. Louis." (Shutting book with a snap.) Come, Mommer, let's go. The way some of our smaller towns push themselves into prominence is insufferable. I don't wonder that Americans are disliked over here!

### HAD HIS EAR.

"I hope you paid attention, Johnny, to what your father said to you this morning about throwing stones."

"Yes, Ma; he had my ear all through the talk."

### A HARD CASE.

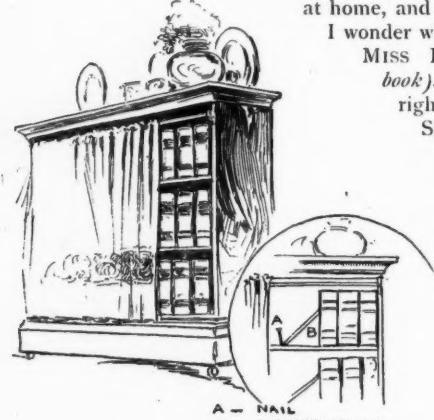
CLARIBELLE.— Don't you think Charlie Monocle's mind is very weak? ISABELLE.— Yes, dear. It can't even wander.

### THEN THE PROVERB MUST BE WRONG.

"Doctor," said the medical student, "is a blind man apt. to be an idiot?"

"Why, no. What makes you ask that?"

"The adage says: 'Out of sight, out of mind.'"



HOW TO ESTABLISH A LIBRARY WITH NINE BOOKS.  
— From "Happy Homes and How to Make Them."

## MADE HIM FEEL SMALL.

"You are not a dwarf," said the museum manager to the applicant. "You are six feet tall."

"I look so; but really I feel very, very small. I'm a Chicago man and I am married to a Boston woman."

### CLEARING THE BREAKERS.

OBJECTING PARENT.— Yes; I know how it is with you young people. You'd get along all right so long as the sea is calm and it is smooth sailing; but what would you do in case of a squall?

PRACTICAL SUIT-OR.— Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can employ a nurse.

### AMBIGUOUS.

BESSIE.— Was the bride dressed well?

JESSIE.— Well, she was well groomed.

### LOGICAL.

TEACHER.— What is the plural of baby?

BRIGHT BOY.— Twins.



"FRIENDLY INDIAN BARTERING WITH AN EARLY COLONIAL FISHERMAN."  
From an old painting in the possession of the HYANNIS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

### A HAPPY SUGGESTION.

HISTRIONIC ASPIRANT.— Now, my dear Mr. Scribble, won't you write me a play suitable to my attainments?

SCRIBBLE.— Why, yes, Mrs. Holloway. Suppose I write a comedy in which you appear as an amateur actor? You could do that splendidly.

## CONSISTENCY IN GRIEF.



MAN WITH whiskers long and white  
Walked up and down with motion slow;  
His step was never airy, light;  
His face bespoke his heartfelt woe.  
  
"I trust, my friend, that nothing's  
wrong,"  
Remarked a neighbor on the street.  
"What makes your face so sad and  
long?"  
Tell me; oh, tell me, I entreat!"

"My little son has got a horn  
That makes me from the house take flight,  
Because he blows from early morn  
Upon till the fall of night."

"Why don't you break the horn to bits?"  
The other said in sympathy.  
"Indeed I'd quickly give him fits  
If thus he sought to madden me."  
  
"I can't," the patriarch replied,  
Wringing his hands in wild despair;  
"Because," in agony he cried,  
"I must consistent be and fair.  
  
"Alas! that harsh, soul-splitting horn,  
On which he blows with fiendish glee,"  
The father murmured, all forlorn,  
"Was his last birthday gift—from me."  
R. K. Munkittrick.

## RECOGNIZED THE BRAND.

MRS. HUBBY.—John, dear, the furnace is smoking.  
MR. HUBBY (*sniffing*).—Yes; and it is evidently smoking one of those cigars you bought for my birthday present.

AT THE CITY CLUB.  
BOGGS.—What do you think of the choice for Senator?

FOGGS.—It is fairly representative.  
BOGGS.—Not of the people of the State.  
FOGGS.—No; of the New York Legislature.

## FROM THE WEST.

For many days the poor fellow had wandered about in the trackless waste of snow, hoping against hope that some one would rescue him. Half-frozen and almost starved, he had begun to give up when one day he stumbled over a small sign-board. Scraping the crusted snow and ice off its face he read this inscription:

"127th Street."

"Thank Heaven!" he cried, though the last word came slowly from his lips; "I am in Chicago at last!"

## GOT MORE THAN SHE ASKED FOR.



FISHERWOMAN.—F-i-s-h! Fresh F-i-i-s-h!



SERVANT (*opening gate in great haste*).—Gimme two pounds o' hollerbut.

## IN EAST FOURTH STREET.

HERR TONICH.—Vas de musical programme you rented at Mrs. Muscavado's a success?  
SIGNOR TARRARA.—Well, it created a great deal of talk.

## AT THE PLAY.

Upon my ears the dialogue falls flat,  
Although 'twas meant with laughter to imbue one;  
The leading man is talking through his hat,  
While I can't see that little soubrette through one.

R. F. Wilson.

## AN ICE GORGE.—Three Plates of Tutti-Frutti.

JORDAN IS a hard road for the Orthodox to travel out of.



## A REMEDY.

DR. GARCIA.—Your heart-trouble is caused by excessive smoking. Hereafter only smoke one-dollar cigars.

NICK O'TIN.—Shure, docther, Oi cud only afford to shmoke wan a week at thot proice.

DR. GARCIA.—I know; but it will cure you.

IN ORDER to simplify things, why does n't the French Republic arrange with the telephone companies that fire-eating legislators may settle their difficulties by firing a shot across the mouths of long-distance instruments?

## Wise Saws

about economy and punctuality are useless without a practical application. You waste precious minutes with an uncertain watch; and if it is a costly one, there's the expense of risking it every day. The need is for an accurate, low-priced watch that has all the improvements and plenty of "style"—the new quick-winding Waterbury covers these points. Both ladies' and gentlemen's styles, and a style for boys. It is stem-winding and setting; and has a jeweled movement cased in filled gold (14-karat), coin-silver, etc. \$4 to \$15.

Sold by every jeweler, in all sizes and styles.  
An elegant and accurate time-keeper.

27

For

Chapping,  
Itching, Dandruff,  
Bad Complexion,  
and Odors from Perspiration,

use that delightful balsamic cleanser  
and Antiseptic,

# Packer's Tar Soap

"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD,"  
**NEW YORK CENTRAL**  
& HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD.

FOUR-TRACK

TRUNK LINE



Reaching by its through cars the most important commercial centers of the United States and Canada, and the greatest of America's Health and Pleasure resorts.

This is the direct line to Niagara Falls by way of the historic Hudson River and through the beautiful Mohawk Valley.

All trains arrive at and depart from Grand Central Station, 4th Avenue and 42d Street, New York, center of hotel and residence section, and the only Railroad Station in New York.

For one of the "Four-Track Series" send a two-cent stamp to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

**Liebig Company's—  
Extract of Beef.**  
BEST  
PUREST BEEF TEA CHEAPEST  
INVALUABLE  
in the Kitchen for Soups, Sauces  
and Made Dishes.

**THE BARKEEPER'S FRIEND POLISH**  
at Druggists, 25c. a pound; 5 for \$1. Powdered form.  
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr.,  
295 E. Washington Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Pickings from Puck**  
Crops 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8,  
25 cents each.

The wood-work — perfect; the metal parts — perfect; the strings — perfect; the action — perfect; every, even the tiniest detail — perfect; the whole is the culmination of 19th Century piano-building; the **BEST**, the 139-155 E. 14th St., New York. Wabash Ave. and Jackson Street, Chicago. 308-314 Post Street, San Francisco.

# SOHMER

THERE is now and then a preacher who has nothing about him to make you think he is religious but his white cravat.—*Ram's Horn*.

## AMERICAN Club House Cheese



DELICIOUS,  
APPETIZING,  
TEMPTING.

A soft, rich cheese, put up in hermetically sealed glass jars.

If your grocer does not keep it send 14 cts. in stamps and a miniature jar will be mailed to any address.

A full size jar will be expressed to any point in the United States, charges prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents.

**THE CHANDLER & RUDD CO.,**  
Manufacturers, CLEVELAND, O.

IF YOU ARE A Pipe Smoker



**WE WANT YOU** to try **Golden Sceptre**; all the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as a trial that it is almost **PERFECTION**. We will send on receipt of **10c.**, a sample to any address. **SURBRUG**, 159 Fulton St., N.Y. City. Prices Golden Sceptre: 1 lb., \$1.20,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. 65c.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. 35c. 1 cent extra per ounce for mailing. [Catalogue Free.]

**BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS**  
FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.  
An elegant dressing. Prevents baldness, gray hair, and dandruff. Makes the hair grow thick and soft. Cures eruptions and diseases of the skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and sprains. All druggists or by mail 50cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

**THE FLORIDA HOME SEEKER**  
Tells of cheapest routes, hotel board. Where to locate for health. Where to buy homes on \$1 and up; monthly payments. Three months for 10 cents. Sample free.  
THE FLORIDA DEVELOPMENT CO.,  
99 FRANKLIN ST., N.Y., ROOM 18.

Avoid Coffee or Tea if you have a Bilious or Nervous Temperament.

**Van Houten's Cocoa**  
is a most Delicious Substitute;  
not only a Stimulant but a Nourisher  
and Highly Digestible.

622



"WHY don't you cast your bread upon the water?"

YOUNG HUSBAND. — It's no use; my wife learned to make it at a cooking school.—*Inter Ocean*.

## CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite Ten-cent Cigar.  
FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
Factory, 406 & 408 E. 59th St., New York.

COMMISSIONER.  
MISS STEVETTS. — Miss Dennis's face is her fortune.

MISS CAUSTIQUE (*pityingly*).—Poor thing! —Quips.

CHAPPIE.—Bah Jove! I'm glad this cold wave weached heah to-night.

"Why, deah boy?"

CHAPPIE.—I've eight calls to make, you know, and weally there's nothing but the weather to talk about.—*Inter Ocean*.

To quickly relieve Neuralgic Headache  
Use Bromo-Seltzer — Trial bottle 10c.

Talk about foreign champagnes, try  
*Cook's Extra Dry*.  
It is superior to two-thirds of the imported wines.



**HUMPING DELIGHT**  
it may be to the scorcher—I prefer to sit upright. That's a good point in RAMBLER Bicycles, they're made both ways—and always comfortable.

*Handsome Rambler Catalogue free.*

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CHICAGO, BOSTON, WASHINGTON, NEW YORK.

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TRADE **4711** MARK

**GLYCERINE-SOAP**

Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unexcelled. Sole U. S. Agents.

MÜHLENS & KROPFF, New York.

MAN, OH, MAN!

No. I.



He will growl, grumble and raise Cain generally every day of the week, on account of his wife's expenses for her personal adornment.

Established 1836. **Rae's**

Sold by all first-class dealers.

**Lucca Oil**  
Is unquestionably  
"The Perfection of Olive Oil."

*The First Analysts in the World pronounce it Pure Olive Oil.*

S. RAE & CO. — LEGHORN, ITALY.

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On fine cardboard—47 inches circumference—charming landscape—apple blossoms—manly man—pretty girl—all in an exquisite water color picture of sixteen printings.—To regulate demand, to make sure that you will preserve it, we'll send it for five two-cent stamps to cover the cost of packing and postage—Calendar Department, Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, Mass.

**INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**  
THE GREATEST INVENTION  
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING  
EVERY ONE OF THE AGE HAVE IT.  
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.  
STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,  
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# BOVRIL.

Nothing better for the last drink at night. Made in a minute with boiling water. Induces sleep. Grocers and Druggists, or,

**BOVRIL, Limited, LONDON.**

51-55 Franklin St., New York.



WAITER (to JAGWAY, who has been up all night with the boys).—What can I serve you for breakfast?

JAGWAY.—Fetch me an ocean and an iceberg.—Clothier and Furnisher.

## WOOD'S Penetrating PLASTER

Wood's Penetrating Plaster is a distinct step forward; a decided improvement upon common porous plasters. It removes the fatty matter in the pores, enabling the painkiller to rapidly penetrate and **Stop the Ache**. Unrivaled remedy for Rheumatism, Lame Back, Etc., Price 25 cts. Sold by all first-class druggists, or mailed by **Worth taking Trouble to Get.**

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, 92 William Street, New York.

# Pears' Soap

We perspire a pint a day without knowing it; ought to. If not, there's trouble ahead. The obstructed skin becomes sallow or breaks out in pimples. The trouble goes deeper, but this is trouble enough.

If you use Pears' Soap, no matter how often, the skin is clean and soft and open and clear.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

**Arnold  
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LYONS SILK AND WOOL**

**SPRING FABRICS.**

Vrillé, Nicosé, Cristal, Bengaline, Ondine, Veloutine, Armure, Glacé, Flamme,

plain and figured effects in new and stylish colorings. White for Wedding Gowns, light shades for Evening and Dinner Dress.

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A THEATRICAL company is charitable when it plays to a poor house.—*Texas Siftings*.

# Victor Bicycles

For 1893.

The world expects us to "make the pace" in cycle construction.

The Victor line for 1893 will be where it has always been—ON TOP.

Riders who want the best should tack this fact in their hats till they see the new wheels.

**OVERMAN WHEEL CO.**  
BOSTON,  
WASHINGTON.

**A. G. SPALDING & BROS.**  
SPECIAL AGENTS,  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.

MAN, OH, MAN!

NO. II.



But, when he takes a promenade with her and her glorious attire, he will hold his head high and feel prouder of her than of all his other earthly possessions.

"JUST think of them poor city folks that has to buy even their fire."

"How do you know they do?"

"Well, did n't I just read of them having a big fire sale?"—*Inter Ocean*.

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of the genuine Angostura Bitters, of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

The Hon. John F. Smith of Westminster, Md., Judge of the Circuit Court of Carroll Co., Md., says: "I have used Salvation Oil for rheumatism. Its effects were prompt and lasting."

IT is a wrong impression a man gets when he thinks he can pull himself out of trouble with a corkscrew.—Yonkers Statesman.



Exact Size.

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EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail, to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., 168th Street and 3d Avenue, N. Y. City.

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Double BREECH LOADER \$7.50  
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ROCK  
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*To CALIFORNIA*  
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**YALE MIXTURE  
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**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S  
STEEL PENS.**

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.



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Dress Suits  
to Measure  
From \$30.00 up.  
Broadcloth or  
Twilled Worsted.  
Silk or Satin  
lined thro' as  
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Samples and self-measure rules forwarded.

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Violinist to the Empress of Russia.  
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The Original Brown Patti.  
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A HAIR GROWER. Prof. Dr. Dyre's Elastin produced a new hair on my smooth face in 4 weeks. It cost me only 10 cents. Send 2c stamp for rules, etc. C. M. Paine, Editor "Whist," Milwaukee, Wis.

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HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,  
PAPER WAREHOUSE.

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BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.

If You Eat Soup Daily for Dinner (and if you don't, you should) let us send you a sample can, your choice, of our ready-made Soups. No charge for the sample, 14 cents for postage. You won't regret the amount. Thousands use them daily, they are so convenient. Clean? Every visitor ensures a customer, that's why we are so anxious to have you come. One more word: Don't forget to ask for "Franco-American." Do you like Plum Pudding? Sample can 14 cents.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consommé, Purée of Game, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Jujienne, Pea, Princianer, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Beef, Pearl Tapioca, Clam Broth, Clam Chowder.

**Franco-American Food Company,**  
Franklin Street & West Broadway, New York.

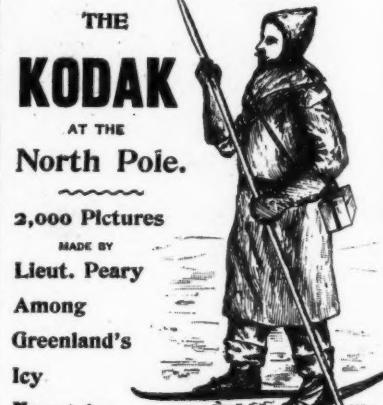


## NOTHING TO FEAR.

FRIEND.—That handsome stranger is very attentive to Miss Van Rittenhouse. If you are not careful, he will cut you out.

MAN OF FASHION.—No danger. His name and hers would n't look well with a hyphen.—*New York Weekly*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.



The Explorer Endorses the Kodak.

"My pictures were all taken with a Kodak" and I regard the Kodak as responsible for my having obtained a series of pictures which in quality and quantity exceed any that have been brought back from Greenland and the Smith Sound region."

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Send for  
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FOR THE  
SCALP, SKIN AND COMPLEXION.  
The result of 20 years' practical experience in treating Skin and Scalp Diseases.

**WOODBURY'S ANTISEPTIC SHAVING STICK AND BARS.**  
Impossible to contract a skin disease when used. Insist on your barber using it when shaving you.  
AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL.



A sample Cake of Facial Soap and a 150 page book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated: on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, semi-sealed on receipt of 10 cents; also disfigurements, like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Facial Development, Changing the Features, Shaping the Ears, Nose, etc.

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125 West 42d Street, - - New York City.  
CONSULTATION FREE AT OFFICE OR BY LETTER.  
Chicago Office, - - 70 Dearborn Street.

**CANDY**  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

**BETTON'S PILE SALVE.**  
An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drugists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

**WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,**  
BALTIMORE, Md.

639

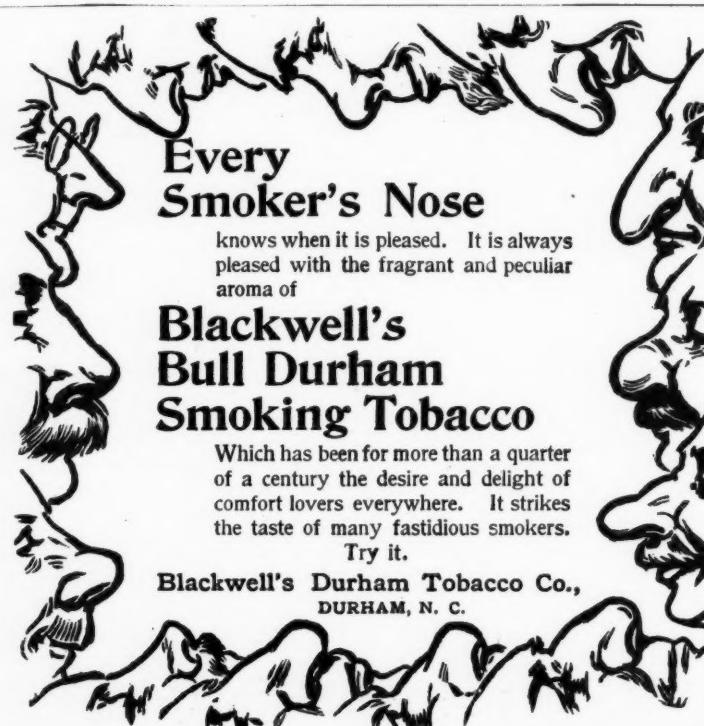


A CURE.

WEED.—Yes, my wife gave me a box of cigars on Christmas; but I'll wager she'll never give me another.

REED.—I trust you did n't say anything to hurt her feelings?

WEED.—No. I smoked the cigars in the house.



## Every Smoker's Nose

knows when it is pleased. It is always pleased with the fragrant and peculiar aroma of

## Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Which has been for more than a quarter of a century the desire and delight of comfort lovers everywhere. It strikes the taste of many fastidious smokers.

Try it.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., DURHAM, N. C.

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WINSLOW'S  
It Soothes  
a. cures wind



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r. N. Y.  
SOAP  
EXION.  
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trouble some  
**SLEEP** at will, regard-  
less of the most  
disagreeable or  
business or per-  
sonal thoughts. Used and jealously guarded for years  
by the crowned heads of Europe and but lately introduced in this country. Warranted to accomplish satisfactory results or money refunded. By mail to any address upon receipt of price, One (x) Dollar. 706 KARL VON SCHENBERG & Co., Box 477, Toledo, O.

## Burlington Route

BEST LINE

CHICAGO AND  
ST. LOUIS  
TO

Kansas City & Omaha

### Perfect Baby Health

Ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know they are missing the life of food taken. This loss is overcome by

### Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowe, N. Y. All druggists.



#### THE WRONG END.

LITTLE DOT.—There's a lady gettin' up a typewriter class, an' Susie Smart is goin' to join.

LITTLE ETHEL.—The idea! Why, she can't even play the piano yet!—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

CLARA.—What were the favors at the german last night?

HELEN.—Oh, the dearest little bottles of arnica!

CLARA.—Mercy, how very strange!

HELEN.—You see, a football figure was introduced.—*Inter Ocean*.

DALTON.—Don't you suppose you could take a hand at whist just—

CHAPPIE.—Deah boy, nev-ah; the suits, you know, are ready made, I'm told.—*Inter Ocean*.

THE wise King said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" In Texas the ant saves the sluggard the journey.—*Texas Siftings*.

There is one lucky thing about spoiled children—we never have them in our own family.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

For a clear head and steady nerves  
Take Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle free.

#### A Pennsylvania Railroad Tour to Florida.

Space on the personally-conducted Pennsylvania Railroad tours to Florida is being eagerly sought for. The severe old-fashioned winter which has prevailed has been the means of forcing the chilled inhabitants of the North to seek a warmer climate and escape from the treacherous winds and zero temperature which promises to continue. The next tour, in charge of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon, will leave New York and Philadelphia in a Pullman Palace Vestibule train on February 14.

The round-trip rate of \$50 from New York and \$48 from Philadelphia covers transportation and meals en route in both directions. The tickets for this tour will admit of two whole weeks' stay in the land of sunshine and flowers, which time will give the tourists ample opportunity to profit in health and pleasure, and admit of a thorough tour of all the interesting places in the Peninsula. Later tours to Florida will leave during the months of February and March, dates for which have been fixed for February 28th, March 14th and 28th. A neatly-prepared book on Florida and its surroundings is at the disposal of all applicants by addressing the tourist agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 849 Broadway, New York, or 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

#### FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

## NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Office: 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.

JANUARY 1, 1893.

This is the only Company holding an Official Certificate of Examination, of recent date, from the State Insurance Department. The Assets, Accounts and Surplus to policy-holders have been certified to under the seal of the State by the Insurance Superintendent.

#### ASSETS.

Real Estate .....	\$12,531,016.75
Stocks and Bonds .....	86,630,177.51
Bonds and Mortgages .....	24,236,755.51
Loans secured by collaterals .....	3,916,000.00
Premium Loans .....	1,096,650.03
Cash in Office and in Banks and Trust Companies .....	4,201,263.68
Interest and Rents due and accrued .....	971,810.14
Net Amount of uncollected and deferred premiums .....	3,565,275.37
Total Assets .....	\$137,499,198.99

#### LIABILITIES.

Reserve, or Value of outstanding Policies .....	\$119,075,888.00
Other Liabilities .....	1,618,362.89

Total Liabilities .....

\$120,694,250.89

Surplus, being the same amount which will be shown to be the Company's Surplus by the Annual Report of the New York State Insurance Department as of December 31, 1892.....

\$16,804,948.10

#### INCOME.

Total Premium Income .....	\$25,040,113.93
Interest, Rents, etc. .....	5,896,476.90

Total Income .....

\$30,936,590.83

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses Paid .....	\$7,596,589.29
Endowments Paid .....	1,114,301.99
Annuities, Dividends, Surrender Values, etc. ....	4,984,121.05
Total paid policy-holders .....	\$13,995,012.38
Commissions .....	4,178,316.00
Agency Expenses, Physicians' Fees, Advertising and Printing .....	1,851,246.18
Taxes, Salaries and other expenses .....	1,629,715.65
Total Disbursements .....	\$21,654,290.76

Number of Policies issued during 1892, 66,259. New Insurance, \$173,605,070.

Total number of Policies in force January 1, 1893, 224,008. Amount at Risk, \$689,248,629.

#### NOTE AS TO STATEMENT.

The above statement corresponds in all respects with the official report of the Company, as it will be published by the State Insurance Department. No assets not acceptable under the law of the State, or the regulations of the Department, are included, and the SURPLUS (\$16,804,948.10) IS THE EXACT SUM THAT WILL BE SHOWN BY THE SUPERINTENDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT.

JOHN A. McCALL, President.

HENRY TUCK, . . . . .	Vice-President.	E. N. GIBBS, . . . . .	Treasurer.
A. H. WELCH, . . . . .	2d Vice-President.	H. S. THOMPSON, . . . . .	Comptroller.
G. W. PERKINS, . . . . .	3d Vice-President.	C. C. WHITNEY, . . . . .	Secretary.
R. W. WEEKS, . . . . .	Actuary.	T. M. BANTA, . . . . .	Cashier.
C. N. JONES, . . . . .	Associate Actuary.	J. A. BROWN, . . . . .	Auditor.
H. C. RICHARDSON, . . . . .	Ass't Actuary.	D. B. KINGSLEY, . . . . .	Supt. of Agencies.
A. HUNTINGTON, M. D., Medical Director.			
S. H. CARNEY, M. D., Associate Medical Director.			
M. L. KING, M. D., Assistant Medical Director.			
O. H. ROGERS, M. D., Assistant Medical Director.			

#### TRUSTEES.

WILLIAM H. APPLETON, . . . . .	CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, . . . . .	WOODBURY LANGDON, . . . . .	EDMUND D. RANDOLPH, . . . . .
W. G. BALDWIN, . . . . .	EDWARD N. GIBBS, . . . . .	JOHN A. MCCALL, . . . . .	HIRAM H. STEELE, . . . . .
WILLIAM A. BOOTH, . . . . .	WILLIAM R. GRACE, . . . . .	HENRY C. MORTIMER, . . . . .	WILLIAM L. STRONG, . . . . .
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, . . . . .	WM. B. HORNBLOWER, . . . . .	RICHARD MUSER, . . . . .	HENRY TUCK, . . . . .
JOHN CLAFLIN, . . . . .	WALTER H. LEWIS, . . . . .	AUGUSTUS G. PAINE, . . . . .	A. H. WELCH, . . . . .
		WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, . . . . .	704

#### VERY THOROUGH.

MOTHER.—Is your Uncle John's wife a thorough housekeeper?

SMALL SON (just back from a visit).—I guess so. I was just as uncomfortable with her as I am with you.—*Street & Smith's Good News*.

## "My Wife is Lost"

Without your famous WILLIAMS' BARBERS' SOAP for TOILET PURPOSES."

G. W. REYNOLDS, 301 Central Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

### His Wife Found

all our claims true. So will your wife.

Reason it out — yourself.

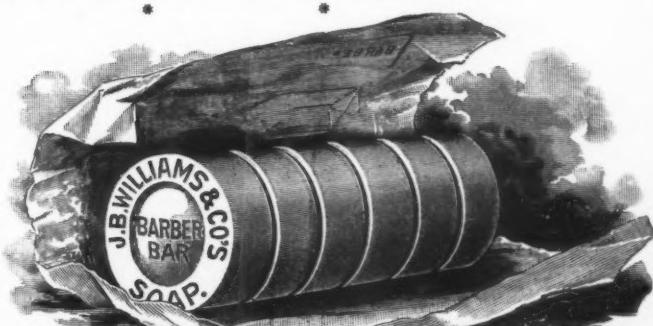
Your Barber has used this WILLIAMS' Soap on your face this many a Winter.

It has kept that soft and Smooth.

Would not those same delicate healing properties — prevent roughness, chaps and cracks — and keep the hands — soft and white?

Millions of satisfied Men and Women are using it. Are you? Is your wife?

Try WILLIAMS' BARBERS' BAR SOAP for TOILET.

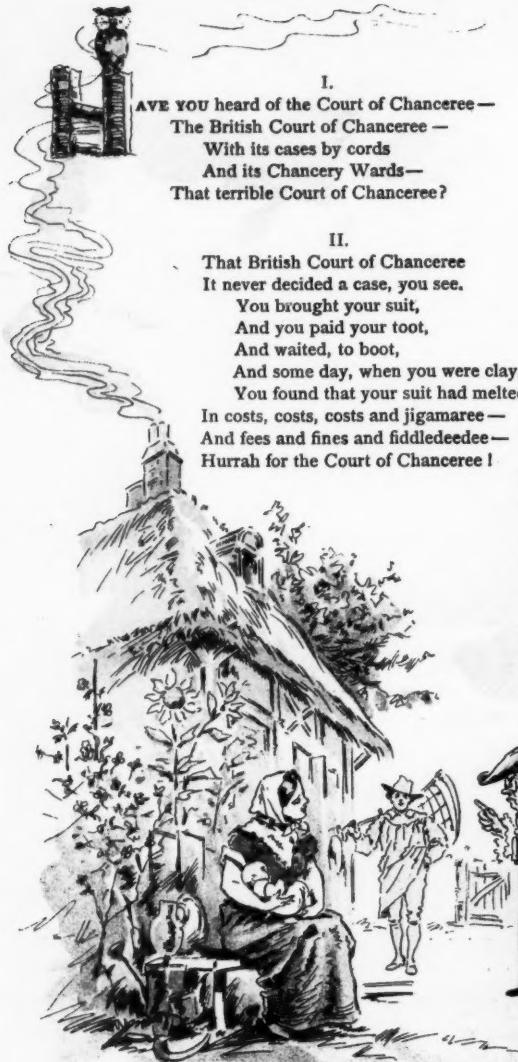


40 cents buys a package like this — 6 cakes. Soap enough — of the most perfect quality — for six months' use.

Sold in Pound Packages. Six cakes in a package. Price 40c. for Six cakes. Your Druggist or your Barber will Supply you. We mail postage paid — on receipt of amount in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., GLASTONBURY, CT., U. S. A.

## "THE LAW'S DELAYS."



I.  
HAVE you heard of the Court of Chanceree—  
The British Court of Chanceree—  
With its cases by cords  
And its Chancery Wards—  
That terrible Court of Chanceree?

II.  
That British Court of Chanceree  
It never decided a case, you see.  
You brought your suit,  
And you paid your toot,  
And waited, to boot,  
And some day, when you were clay,  
You found that your suit had melted away  
In costs, costs, costs and jigamaree—  
And fees and fines and fiddledeedee—  
Hurrah for the Court of Chanceree!

III.  
Now when a hapless suitor died,  
And left some children, and nothing beside,  
They became, as by nature such should be,  
WARDS of the Court of Chanceree.  
And such a Ward was Mary Jane  
Smithington — Smithington, far from plain —  
In fact, as rosy and fair a lass  
As you 'll see this side of next Michaelmas.  
And away back in years of long ago,  
This Chancery Ward with cheeks aglow,  
Was asked in marriage by James John Jedd;  
And prayed of the Court permission to wed.



V.  
So seven Judges, in great big wigs,  
Danced, to the steps of various jigs,  
To the humble abode of Mary Jane,  
Who happened to dwell on Salisbury Plain.  
And there, in front of a cottage neat,  
Was Mary Jane, with an infant sweet,  
And James John Jedd was cradling wheat.

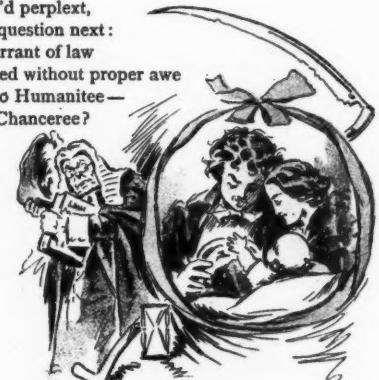
VIII.  
They talked it over for many a day;  
They looked at it this and the other way;  
They decided it so, and thus, and so,  
And thus, until there was none could know  
Which way the decision was going to go—  
Till the Seven Judges, with moth-eaten wigs,  
Danced their rheumatically old-time jigs  
Out to Mary Jane's humble door —

IX.  
And there was a babe, as there was before;  
And a buxom wife, and a happy young dad;  
And nasturtiums growing — not half so bad!  
"O ye! O ye!" shouted the Court of Chanceree,  
"Listen unto the Court's decree:  
'The marriage of Jedd and Smithington  
Was a thing illegal, and not to be done;  
But, having done it, it is, you see,  
A thing as legal, as legal can be.'"



IV.  
Then the great Lord Chancellor sat him down,  
And put on his most judicial frown;  
And summoned Judges and Counsellors,  
And Busy Bodies and Big Wig Bores;  
And a year and a day  
They talked away, and some said Yea,  
and some said Nay:  
Until at last they came to agree —  
Which was strange in the Court of Chanceree.

VII.  
And Lack to town they shoo'd perplext,  
And plunged right into the question next:  
If Chancery saw any warrant of law  
For a marriage performed without proper awe  
Of that wonderful blessing to Humanitee —  
The great British Court of Chanceree?



X.  
Then a man as young as a man can be  
Who dandles a babe upon his knee,  
Rose up and said,  
"In the name of Jedd,  
I am mightily much obliged to ye,  
O Excellent Court of Chanceree!  
But won't you say what just now you 've said,  
To my father and mother, who now are dead,  
John James and Mary J. Smithington Jedd —  
Up there in the churchyard is their bed?  
It would please them much, and also me,  
On account of their grandson, this here babee!"



XI.  
And back to London, with much *ennui*,  
Went jigging the Court of Chanceree.